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illusion

by douglass rankin

The teacher came into the room all dressed up. She was a very young and little teacher, and the happiness shining in her eyes seemed almost bigger than she was. She tried not to appear conscious of the wondering regards of her pupils, but her new fur coat, smart brown hat, and dainty two-piece suit with its frilly shell-pink collar fairly flaunted themselves in the faces of her charges.

"M-m-m, teacher's going somewhere," was the whisper which traversed the room, but teacher seemed oblivious. "They are really dear kiddies, after all," she was thinking. Her own supreme joy made her forget how tiresome she had thought them on occasion. "I wonder if he still has that sweet smile that begins at his eyes and then spreads all over his face." She was silent for a second before calling the roll, as the memory of the first time she had seen that smile swept over her. It had caught at her heart and done peculiar things to it. Well, she thought, she musn't neglect her duties as schoolmarm, even if it did seem to her that all the world should stop and let her think of the wonder of the thing which had happened to her.

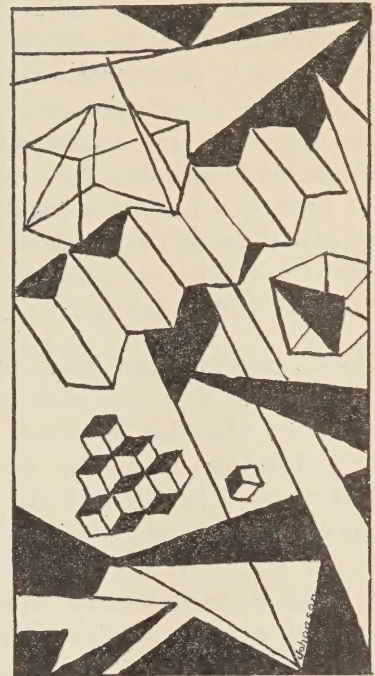
It was too incredible, too glorious that she was at least to see him after all the long months since their friendship had ripened on the moonlit beach. His letter had been very matter of fact, but then he was naturally reserved on paper. "I'll be passing through Mason, Tuesday," he said, "and I'll drive by the school and pick you up about three. We will go for a nice ride. It'll be quite like old times again."

Like old times again! She had to stop listening momentarily to the drone of Sammy Smith's voice as he stumbled over "Perseus and the Gorgon's Head," to relive those

happy vacation days. Were there ever before two souls so divinely suited for each other, she wondered? His tall bloneness was a perfect foil for her smallness and the darkness of the soft hair which framed her piquant little face. And then their tastes were so absolutely in harmony. Much of the little teacher's life had been lonely; an only child, she had been shy of confidences. It was an added pleasure to her to find someone with whom she could laugh and play and talk without that uncomfortable feeling that she was being misunderstood. She had almost burst with importance the magic night on the boathouse porch, the waves gently lapping at their feet, when he had boyishly confided to her his cherished ambitions.

Theirs had been a genuine mutual understanding. "Alice," he had said tenderly, holding her little soft hand possessively in his big brown one, "I've never known anyone with whom I felt so comfortable. Most girls make a fellow feel like a fool if he has a serious thought in their presence. I can tell you about my irrigation plans for that new project of the government, and know that you aren't dying to get back there" —with a contemptuous gesture towards the lighted hall in the distance —"and dance."

Surely, she had thought, on her return to the humdrum work-a-day world, laying aside all misgivings, this was the sort of love on which to found a congenial life together. Trust and companionship such as they would have in each other would steer their ship of destiny clear of the rocks on which many modern marriages had foundered. Thus she had dreamed through the sleepy autumn days, filled with an aching longing to see him, yet also full of a peaceful sense of contentment in



the surety that his love was as great as hers. Naturally, this miracle couldn't have happened to her without also having happened to him. He didn't write as often nor as regularly as she, but then he was away out there in those dry regions doing big things. Always his letters, when they did come, brought before her the vision of his clean-cut countenance as he waved good-bye from the platform while her train was inevitably drawing her away or perhaps reminded her of his trick of looking down at her with a grin and whispering, "Little Doll, you're a darn sight too pretty to be true."

And now his job out West satisfactorily completed, he was returning to her at last. She stole a glance at the clock. Would this interminable day never pass? She did hope she would be able to act naturally when he came in. She would hate to be melodramatic and let him hear her heart beats.

The teacher came into the room the next day a frail and broken

(Continued on next page)

slants

by r. harrell

It's all one, however varied the form. In music, it's accent; in decoration, color-note; in futuristic art, it's impression given by slant lines that are predominant. The material embodiment of spiritual truth is a matter of indifference; the thing said strikes home if there is a definite, consistent point of view skillfully executed.

Most authors write what they write because they are what they are and do what they do. Ben Jonson, had he lived in our day, might equally as well have spoken of *The Slants* instead of *The Four Humors*. Organic propensity toward decorative craftsmanship caused Stacey Aumonier to write somewhat about furniture in his story "The Beautiful Merciless One" published a good many years ago. And thirst for unexplored realms forms the background of Richard Halliburton's travel books.

Those who have an inclination toward adventurous enterprise and who, having enjoyed Halliburton's *Royal Road to Romance* read with equal delight in *The Ladies Home Journal* the account of his swimming the Panama Canal, will welcome his latest volume, *New Worlds to Conquer*. It gives an account of his plunge into the inky depths of the ancient Mayan Well of Death. If the author was speechless for three days afterwards, so too, is the reader left speechless at the sheer daring of the act.

Perhaps indeed, by way of contrast to days filled with soil and commerce, one has a fondness for reading the novels of Maud Diver that are steeped in an atmosphere of India, or the Chinese stories of Harriet Welles; perhaps one's soul is athirst for far-away things, to quote Tagore; if so, then February offers

plenty of refreshment. F. Tennyson Jesse's *The Lacquer Lady* depicts all the gorgeous pageantry of the Upper Burmese court in the time of King Mindoon Min. The story of Fanny, *The Lacquer Lady*, whose quiet revenge on a French diplomat, "a male butterfly," placed certain incriminating records in the hands of the British authorities, is interesting enough—alone in itself. Harriet Welles has an unusual foreign type in Kurunfuleh of "Strange Ships," (March Woman's Home Companion). But quite the best of them is "The Smile of Buddha" (March North American Review), the actual conception of which strikes one with amazement and astonishment. Wonder as to the amount of guile in the heart of the temple novice and the childless wife of the old Governor is cast aside as absurd—they are both sincerely devout. Don't smile and spar, "and devoted?" Certainly the language is the most beautiful one can imagine—the perfume of the oleanders, jasmine, and lavender heliotrope—the wandering of the little wind among the hibisci—the swaying of the lotus flower—all this and clothes of blue and silver embroidered with seed pearls literally enchant one. Read it and—don't weep—marvel. Perhaps H. M. K. Smith is a pseudonym; perhaps the author is Chinese.

A new edition of Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* has come into the College Library, the donation of the Robert Schalkenback Foundation. Of course it is a classic and what Ruskin would term 'a book for all time.' But Miss Jones overheard the audacious Librarian tell Lord Fairchild, Secretary of the Foundation, most solemnly, that salvation, both economic and religious, was so largely a matter of

personal accomplishment that she wondered whether more might not be wrought by the consumption of Sun Kist oranges than any form of tax legislation. Obviously, the Librarian has a bent toward Physiological Chemistry.

Members of the Book of the Month Club whose meditations run along the lines of History may choose for their February book a new, one-volume edition of *The Rise of the American Civilization*. The work was first published in 1927 and proved to be a highly important study of the influences, social, economic, intellectual, and political—in the making of America. The New York Sun says that the joint authors, Chas A. and Mary R. Beard, have made no inconsiderable contribution to that civilization of which they write. We are tempted to speak up and say that the publication of this one-volume edition on thin paper by the MacMillan Company is certainly no insignificant contribution toward popularizing scholarly American History.

illusion

(Continued from page 3)

thing. The wan ghost of a smile which she summoned to greet the entering scholars would have brought a sob to the throat of the most cold-blooded of school principals. What was it he had said, the while she had felt her world tumbling around her ears? His words reverberated through her brain like a death knell. "Little Doll, I wanted you to be one of the first to know, because you always understand." There was a picture in his hand of a fair young woman, almost as tall and blonde as he. "We're to be married in February."

nothing ever happens

by cornelia mclaughlin

The three men who were sitting at the large table leaned back and stretched. One of them, a large, ruddy-faced man with white hair, spoke.

"I feel like a schoolboy just out of school. I hate these conferences, and I hate this dirty city. Give me a little country town any time."

"Well, Judge," replied one of his companions, "if you will persist in tying yourself down in that little one-horse town, you must at least give us the pleasure of your company once in a while."

"Surely that's not much," added the third man.

The large man referred to as the Judge only smiled. His features were large but well formed. There were little lines around his eyes and his mouth curved upward at the corners. He was about sixty-five years old, but he carried his age well. His figure was still straight and showed years of clean living. In all, a very personable man. This was Judge Taylor of the Grant County Court.

The Judge's companions were in marked contrast to his florid healthiness. The one who had spoken was Claude Williams, the newspaper owner. He was a

small, nervous man. Starting in life as a newsboy, he had become the wealthiest publisher in America. In his hard fight for success, he had been under constant strain, and he found it hard to realize how a man of such undoubted ability as the Judge could be content to remain in Marion.

George Allen, the third member of the group, was the most remarkable looking of the three. His features were sharp and decisive, giving the impression of tremendous energy. His long, lean body carried out this impression. The habitual sternness of his face was relieved, at the present, by a smile which lighted his whole face. He was at once the youngest and the most successful corporation lawyer in New York.

This incongruous trio were the owners of the Cooper Paper Box Company, and that was the occasion for this meeting. Allen and Williams had become acquainted with the Judge through this business, and they found him a fine old man. Often after one of their few conferences they would talk of him, and his reluctance to leave Marion. Always in the course of their talk they would come to the subject of his past life. Well as they knew the Judge, they had

heard him speak of his past but once. He had mentioned that he was born in England and that he came to America when he was twenty-five, but that was all. Rather mysterious, but it was his own business.

"Judge," said Allen chidingly, "do you think you'll ever leave Marion?"

"Not if I can help it," replied the Judge. "I like it because I know everyone and everyone knows me."

"All that may be true," spoke up Williams, "but you have brains, and you are wasting yourself there because nothing ever happens."

For a moment the Judge was silent. Then he murmured to himself, "Nothing ever happens, nothing ever happens. Well maybe so, and maybe not. Of course we don't have murders and hold-ups, but once in a while things do happen."

Sensing a story, Allen and Williams were silent. The Judge looked out the window. He seemed to be seeing far away things. Suddenly he began to talk:

I knew him only as Tommy. What his last name was no one ever knew or cared. He was only Tommy, the man who sold shoe strings. I saw him every day, but I knew no more of him than anyone else. I always spoke to him kindly, however, because I felt sorry for him. A kind word never hurts anyone, rich or poor. I have found out in my thirty years as country judge that it does more good than most of us ever realize. But I am digressing from my story.

Tommy was a misshapen creature, with his dragging foot and humped back, but he was always



FUTURISTIC
RYTAM

on the job, limping along and leaning on his cane. His cry of "Shoestrings, pencils, shoestrings, sir" was a familiar sound around the public square of Marion and in the court house. I usually bought a pencil from him every morning, as it was the least I could do for the poor fellow. Once I tried to give him a dollar, but he drew himself up and told me that he could take care of himself. After that, I soothed my conscience by buying a daily pencil. I managed to get rid of them by giving them to my son's children.

During the summer I always live at Conner's Mill in the cottage, as you know. One afternoon, as I was leaving the office, I was struck with the idea of taking Tommy out to the cottage with me. I had been lonely since my wife died last spring, and Tommy certainly deserved a little pleasure. The more I thought of it, the better the idea seemed. I decided to do it. I discovered Tommy in front of the Bank Building, and asked him how he would like to come out to the cottage with me. At first he was reluctant, saying that he must be on the job bright and early, but when I promised to bring him in as early as he wanted, he consented.

During the drive to the Mill, Tommy was unusually silent. I was thinking of a case that had come up before me that day, and I was not my usual loquacious self. To tell the truth, in my thoughts of the case which I had tried, I had nearly forgotten my guest. After we arrived at the Mill, I soon had supper prepared and Tommy and I sat down to our meal. I am not an expert cook, but I can prepare a few things so the meal was at least palatable. I think I must have expected Tommy to wolf his food, because I was agreeably surprised to find that his manners were every bit as good as good as mine. I began

to wonder about his former life and what had caused him to become a peddler of pencils. I even asked him a few questions about his family, but he became taciturn at any mention of personal matters and quickly shifted the subject to commonplace topics. I was even more surprised at his ease of manner and the intelligence with which he spoke. My interest increased more and more, and I decided to see if there was not some way in which I could help him. Obviously he was superior to his job, a victim of circumstances.

After the meal, I resurrected an old pipe for Tommy and we sat on the porch and smoked, talked of baseball, politics, the younger generation and prohibition. Tommy was well informed, and was equally at ease in speaking of George Bernard Shaw, or Babe Ruth. My quixotic impulse was bringing better returns than I had ever dreamed, for Tommy was an interesting companion. As it was not yet dark, I suggested that we row across the river to the cliff, so that we could see the sunset. The Cliff had been my favorite resting place for years and I wondered if it would appeal to Tommy as it always did to me. Tommy quickly accepted my suggestion, and we were soon across the river. Pulling the boat up on the bank, we slowly climbed the path to the Cliff. Tommy was silent and I was immersed in the memories of the many evenings that Mary and I had watched the sunset from this same knoll.

It was growing dark, even as we watched the first twinkle of the evening star, forerunner of the approaching night. In the west the skies were still stained purple and crimson, but they were rapidly fading into the oblivion of night. Behind us the forest rose gloomy and forbidding, predicting disaster for anyone who ventured

within its blackness; before us the river wound its way, slowly onward, calm and serene, its broad surface unmarred by ripple or swell. Over the water the fireflies flashed, glowing like myriad candles as they flitted back and forth. Suddenly it was dark, the darkness which immediately precedes the coming of a full moon.

Somewhere far back in the woods a mocking bird burst forth in its silver-throated serenade to the coming moon, the liquid beauty of the melody melting into the entire loveliness of the evening. Beginning softly, on and on the mocking bird sang until it seemed that the whole night was a reflection of the wonder of its song. As the moon appeared and the rose higher into the sky it seemed to lend the tiny bird encouragement and the song became even more golden and melodious. Every living creature was quiet, and we dared not breathe lest we destroy the spell. Then, with one last paeon of joy and wonder, the song was finished, and we left alone with our thoughts and the memory of that beautiful melody.

For a long time we sat silent, then suddenly Tommy broke the silence.

"Judge, I'd like to talk to you. I've never before felt the need of a confidant, but if you care for it, I'd like to tell you my story."

"To begin with," began Tommy, "I am Thomas Carrington Sherman, the youngest son of the Earl of Kensworth."

I started, but Tommy went on with his story.

"My early life was that of the ordinary young English boy of good family. My mother died when I was young, and I was left alone with my father; all my brothers were married and I was the only one at home. Although I am

not trying to excuse myself for what I have become, I think I should have been a different person if my mother had lived. My father and I were the best of pals, but I needed the guiding influence of my mother's hand. As I grew older, my father and I had less in common, and we drifted gradually apart.

"I must have caused my father many long hours of misery for I was thoroughly worthless. I was expelled from three colleges for drunkenness and only my father's name saved me innumerable other times. I was disgusted with myself, but I could not stop my dissipations.

"One night, after staying at the club till my money was gone, I decided to drop in at Lansdown's before going home. Bill Lansdown, who was an old friend of mine, had just returned from India, and his parents were giving a party in honor of the homecoming. I wanted to see Bill and learn of his life in India. In the back of my mind I had an idea that I might go to India and start all over again. I thought that a different environment might make a new man out of me.

"The party was well under way when I entered. I wandered from one group to another speaking to those I knew, looking for Bill. Finally someone told me that he was in the card room. After watching the dancing for a few minutes longer, I strolled over to the card room. Standing in the doorway I looked around for Bill.

"I saw only one person. Until that moment I had never believed in love at first sight, but then I knew that there was really such a thing. I was in love. Even now I can't understand the feeling that came over me when I saw her, I only knew that I loved her. For me there never could be any oth-

er. I was dazed by the suddenness of it all. All the others had vanished from before me and I could only see her face.

"What foolish thing I might have done I do not know, because just then I felt a slap on the back and a hand grasped mine.

"As I live! Tom Sherman, you son of a gun, I'm sure glad to see you!" It was Bill.

"What's the matter, boy? You look like you had seen a ghost," Bill went on.

"I laughed shakily, but managed to pull myself together. I couldn't tell Bill what my trouble was. He had always referred to me as 'the old woman-hater,' and he would laugh if I told him that I had fallen in love—and love at first sight, at that. No, I decidedly couldn't tell Bill.

"Oh, I'm all right," I answered. 'I just felt a little sick for a moment. I'm all right, now.'

"Bill wasn't the same old Bill I had known in college; he was quieter and seemed older. I noticed this at the first glance. He was happier, too, than I had ever seen him before. You could see that by the contented look on his face. But he gave me little chance to ask him a word of his past five years.

"Come over here, Tom,' he said. 'I want you to meet my wife. Even a woman-hater like you would fall for her.'

"I didn't care to meet any one at that particular moment; I wanted to get myself to analyze this thing that had happened to me. However, Bill gave me no chance to get away. Dragging me by the arm, he walked into the card room.

"I suppose I should have been prepared for what happened, but I was still in a turmoil. I only knew that I didn't want to meet any woman tonight of all nights. Suddenly I looked up and saw

where Bill was taking me. With one startled word I turned and fled. The woman who was Bill's wife was the woman with whom I had fallen in love.

"Bill called for me to stop, but I kept going. I staggered out to the garden. It was raining, but I did not care. For me, it would always be raining, now. I walked miles that night trying to get the image of her out of my mind. It was impossible. There was only one thing for me to do and that was to leave. I went home, wrote a note to my father, and left for London. The next morning I took a boat for America. I don't know why I came to America. I must have been influenced by something I had heard my father say. I remember that one night he said that some day he hoped to come to America. I think he hoped to find his younger brother who ran away when he was nineteen. He always spoke of America as a land of opportunity.

"My father was right. America is a land of opportunity, but I have been a failure. Shortly after I arrived here, I was struck by an automobile. When I recovered I had this leg and the doctor said that my back would never be straight again. I lost all interest in life. I wandered from one town to another, doing what work I could. Finally I came to Marion. I have been here for fifteen years, now, but why I have stayed I do not know. Perhaps I have found my place in life.

"Twenty years have passed since that night so long ago, and I am only a miserable beggar, but still on a night like this I can see the face of that one I loved."

The Judge stopped, but Allen and Williams said nothing.

At last Williams broke the silence. "Where is he now?"

The Judge spoke slowly. "He lives with me. I . . . am his uncle."



cornelia mclaughlin, editor-in-chief
frances johanson, art editor

nancy vincent, assistant editor
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cover and frontispiece by johanson

editorial

This particular time of year seems to be just a little better than any other for a serious thought or two about the future. There isn't a girl in school who doesn't actually live in the future a great part of the time. Senior future? Commencement, sheepskin, nicely cracklin thing, meaning a great deal. Problems of life, big ones. Sophomores? Responsibility, guardianship. Shimmery bubbles, rose gold castles. Freshman? Vacation, normality. Uncovering of long buried ego.

Between us and the future, however, there are many walls. Some with jagged glass tops, some with inclined ladders, but walls, nevertheless. There are the month walls, the year-walls. There are the walls of temptation. So many of them. Some reduce to stumbling stones, but they are there. The never ending road to our goal is filled with them.

And when we arrive at what seemed the end of the road, we find that we have reached nothing more than a hilltop. New valley of endeavor, new heights of achievement unfold themselves before our road. There is no end. We plan, not for the future, then, but for a hilltop. We live our dreams, not in the future, but tomorrow.



A brief word on something which is distinctly characteristic of this phantom which we call the Future—futuristic art. Futuristic art comprises broadly speaking cubism and futurism. Cubism lays stress on the value of volume and attempts to express itself through

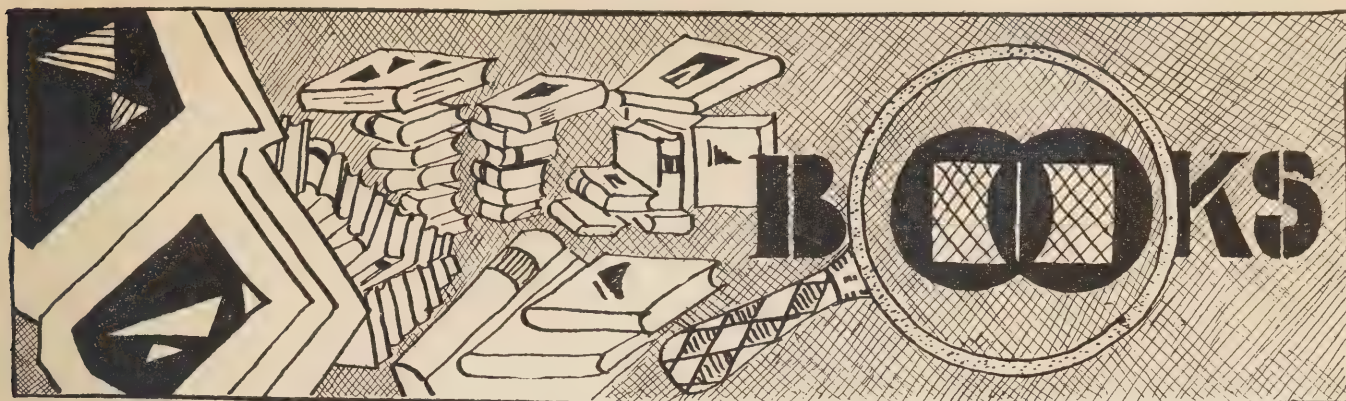
the medium of geometric figures and solids. The success of the attempt, of course, depends solely on the observer, who must have a keen appreciation of values. Futurism attempts the picture and with a minimum of lines to represent simultaneously a number of consecutive movements and impressions. There are numerous other types of paintings and drawings that fall into the futuristic class, such as impressionistic representation, which endeavors to convey the theme by showing the impression produced upon the mind of the painter.

Many critics have called futurists "crazy," simply because the artists have brought about something new which they presented in a new way. Nobody called Caravaggio crazy, when he chose to represent the wooden covers placed over the statues of saints as circles of light. Perhaps he was the first of the futurists. He might have seen these wooden umbrellas as halos, and if he did, no one thought his mind distorted.



This futuristic number is the second attempt of the staff to produce a SCEPTRE. Secure in the belief that continued effort tends to produce eventual perfection, we promise to do as well, if not better in the future. We dedicate this number, appropriately enough to the "X" in the equation of life, the thing to which astrologers and fortune tellers owe their living, the thing we're always waiting for, but which never comes—the future.

C. McL.



“twelve against the gods”

reviewed by cornelia mclaughlin

Occasionally we have been moved to think we would like to write something. Now and then an idea comes to us and we visualize something splendid that might come of it, think what a fine book we would write, and imagine ourselves basking in an aura of recognition as the author of an inspirational piece of work.

Fortunately, though, whenever this fantastic yearning comes to us, the initial burst of enthusiasm soon dies away under the realization of our limitations, and we quickly scuttle back to the haven of our ordinary roles before anyone can notice how silly we have been. But still we did believe that book should be written, and so, even though quite resignedly we cherish the idea, and hope that some one will have the same thought and take the task in hand.

And then, once in a great while, our hopes are answered, and the book appears. But, of course, any such book is almost predestined to clash in some ways with the ideas we have formed, and even excellence may leave a vague feeling of dissatisfaction. It is a great deal like forming a mental image of a place before one has even seen it; the reality is apt to bring a certain indefinite shock, simply because it is difficult to reconcile oneself to the difference between what was expected and what was found. Even when reality surpasses expectation is this true, and it is in this light that “Twelve Against the Gods” has come to us.

Adventure! There is a theme. Treat it in the abstract or in the concrete, worship it or blaspheme it, view it for the effect of its urge on either the individual or all mankind—or even on history and civilization—it remains a subject of infinite possibilities. William Bolithio presents adventure in an entirely fresh and novel way: from the biographical side. This does not mean that he writes the biographies of adventurers, for he does not. What he does is to peer at adventure itself through the lives of its disciples. “Twelve Against the Gods” is a series of portraits from the gallery of the

world—twelve lives which knelt to receive adventure’s blessing, flamed brightly for a time, and then tragically, inexorably, were extinguished by the dull hatred of the gods, who will tolerate none of adventure’s patoritism.

Mr. Bolithio has evidently selected his characters with a considerable degree of care, according to his own theories. He believes and rightly, that of those who are hailed as such, few are genuine adventurers; he demands of his subjects a certain aim, and a certain peculiar indifference to fate, ending always to a bowing to this same fate. Here tragedy is the only sequel to adventure, and perhaps that, just as much as anything else is what makes adventure. Among the strictly representative characters chosen are Alexander, Cataline, Casanova, Columbus, Napoleon, and Charles XII of Sweden — names, all, to stir the imagination. The sketches are drawn with a delineation that is unusual in its execution and originality. For instance, Columbus is presented, not as the steadfast planner, so long manacled by circumstances, that the history books give us, but as the master salesman who sold himself and his no more than ordinary beliefs and ambitions to the Spanish court, and then though, little more than a lucky plunder, reaped his prize because he had unintentionally become adventure’s follower.

Always these lines are analyzed with a view toward building up the author’s theme of adventure, and it is remarkable that, with the necessary divergences from a recital of pure facts, there is never a lapse into philosophising as such. Yet there is discord, in an occasional slip from the dominately objective tone of the book with the insertion of a disturbing “I.” It is as though someone had given us a sheaf of intensely interesting documents and then ventured to intrude himself upon our absorption; such an interruption, though infrequently is confusing in its unexpectedness, moreover it is unnecessary. Aside from this the general development is excellent.

With his "story of adventure," Mr. Bolithio has done an unusual piece of work. Although we are out of sympathy with some of the sketches, and cannot understand just how Isadora Duncan or the fanatical Mahomet are entitled to a place on his pages, there is much that is excellent. There is exceptional skill in the treat-

ment of Cataline and Charles XII; these two are the finest portraits of the twelve.

A final word of praise is due the book itself. It is handsomely illustrated, and the binding and press work are exceptionally done.

a chat about books

by marion townend

In writing of modern fiction one would find it a great deal easier to suggest what not to read—than what is good to read. If only some Omnipotent Critic could tell each of us—just which books we need—which ones we would enjoy! They come from the presses in thousands.

The Book of the Month Club tells you this one is good. Your mind feebly rebels. A famous critic pours superlative praise on Hemingway. His book is ashes in your mouth. You want to cry out that his realism is not true—is not real.

But out of the mass emerge the heads of some few writers. . . the ones that usually live up to their promises—and give you what you ask for in a book. True, even they let you down, sometimes.

There's Hugh Walpole—Hugh Walpole who has written *The Cathedral* and *Jeremy*—but then you remember that he has also written that very unsatisfactory *Potrait of a Man with Red Hair*. But because he has written *The Cathedral* and *Jeremy*—we turn and read his new one, *Hans Frost*, and hope. It has an admirable character, whimsical, lovable, daring like Bernard Shaw (I insist that he's like Bernard Shaw) a fascinating old man. We're enthralled. . . I promise you, you've never met such a thoroughly charming old man . . . but the book is trivial. Walpole carries him around England for awhile, then drops him precipitously and the book is over. But you'll like it. It has good writing. It is enter-

taining. It is an author's book about an author and the glimpses into his mind are worth the reading.

Anne Parish has not lived up to the freshness of *The Perennial Bachelor*, *Tomorrow Morning*, and *All Kneeling* in her new one. *The Methodist Faun* is disappointing.

Then, there's Anne Sedgwich of *Little French Girl* fame. Her new one *Dark Hester*, is rather well done. It is the story of a man torn between loyalty to his mother and his wife. Dorothy Canfield chose the same theme for *Her Son's Wife* but did not do as well.

Sinclair Lewis in *Dodsworth* is interesting. He's always that. He's writing a new one at the present time—a voluminous writer is Lewis. He hurts—but he's good for us.

But the best of them has written one of her best in *Hudson River Bracketed*. I'm speaking of Edith Wharton, of course. Anyone who wrote that inimitable *Ethan Frome* could never write anything shoddy. Her books vary in value. *The Children* and *Twilight Sleep* don't equal her earlier ones—even though they are fine; but she has done a striking piece of work in *Hudson River Bracketed*. It is another author's story about an author—and she knows her subject. Mrs. Wharton is an old writer—and Vance Weston is the child of her brain. You will get a great deal from the book.

But these others—these morbid things that come in dozens—*Farewell to Arms*, *The Embezzler*, *The Borgia*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *Windlestraws*, *Ultimathule*—but then,

I've strayed from my subject. I was not writing what not to read—although as I said it would have been a great deal easier to do.

an appreciation of horace

by alice batten

On November 18, 1929, the Chicago Tribune in an article on the present day value of the classics made the following statement, "The classics are not dead, but living, a treasure richer today than in the past." In no case is the truth of this remark more apparent than in regard to the works of Horace.

His writings have occupied an important position on the literature of the world. At the time of their first appearance their worth was recognized and gained for the writer the friendship and patronage of such men as the Emperor Augustus and his prime minister, Maecenas. Not even the passing of the years have dimmed popularity of his writings. Authors in practically every age have revealed the influence of the great Roman lyrist upon their labors. Milton, Longfellow, Whit-tier, Gladstone, Eugene Field, and innumerable other writers are indebted to him for many a clever thought or pretty turn of a phrase.

"Why," you ask, "has the poet enjoyed such lasting favor?" In the first place, the character of

(Continued on page 17)

beauty in art

by **bessie hall**

Art is to me a symbolism, reflecting the deepest, the tenderest emotion known to man. The delicate moods, too subtle for mere words to catch, the inner-most feeling, too sacred to coarsen by speech; these are the elements which go to make up the canvases of the great masters. For a great master is distinguished from a layman, not by the manner in which he mixes his pigments, but by the sensitivity of his soul. One can express on canvas, as in music, things he would not dare to say—holy things.

Art is beauty, beauty is relig-

ion. A gnarled old tree, symbolic of the struggle against time and forces—a gnarled and aged hand, symbolic of the eternal struggle of Life. The beauty of character and strength, gleaming through the lowliest of God's creatures. The glory of a baby's hands, clutching at his mother's heart-strings—the babe of Israel. The beauty of a rose flushed with the pearly light of dawn—God's masterpiece.

This Art in which I dream and build was not created to display the shallow beauty of a woman's lips, but to look through her eyes and catch the mystery of her soul.

There is no real beauty without depth and strength—character. Wherein lies the glory of a sunset, if not touched by the awful majesty of God's presence?

The man who desecrates Art is to me a criminal. It is sacrilege to destroy the dream-stuff, the inner being of the great men who had courage to bare their souls on canvas to the shameless eyes of the world.

Art—reflecting our souls, disclosing our dreams, mourning our sorrows, crowning our successes—one of our strangest ties to God.

sadko

by **agnes bingham**

This is truly a Russian year in the amusement world, as the three Russian plays current in the theater and the Russian opera at the Metropolitan Opera House testify.

Sadko, the lyric legend by Rimsky-Korsakoff, appeals to music lovers of all kinds, whether *Girl of the Golden West* or *Trovatore* be their favorite. Charles D. Isaacson of *The Morning Telegraph* prophesies that the influence of this opera will be widespread. It will change the musical comedies, symphony-orchestra programs, the vaudeville, and the cabarets. It will effect fashions in clothes, in science, in literature, in dancing, in decorations.

Sadko has a charming melodic quality. It is quite Russian. Although it does not touch the majesty and power of *Scherehezzade* by the same author, still it goes further in emotional content. The action is half above and half under the sea—human and mythical.

Mr. Isaacson gives a sketch of this opera. Sadko is a musician of

great ability in playing on a guitar-like instrument, the gousla. His wife is a loving and somewhat overzealous woman, but he is a dreamer. The rivers, the seas are his loves. When called upon to play at a ribald banquet of the Merchant's Guild, he shocks the drunken revelers by playing a song which challenges them to sail the Seven Seas in search of treasure and commerce. The merchants of course, laugh at him.

Sadko continues to dream of world-power for Novgorod. One day as he sits beside the Lake Illmen singing aloud, Volkova the beautiful daughter of the King of the Sea hears him. She confesses her love for him and says his dreams will come true. As a proof to the merchants she tells him that, if he will cast his net into the sea, it will be filled with living fishes of gold. Having thus convinced the merchants, he is given thirty ships and sails into the unknown.

After bringing back many shiploads of treasure, Sadko sacri-

ficed himself to the King of the Sea, by jumping into the river. He does this in payment. Volkova finds him and intercedes for him. The curious and fantastic marriage of Sadko and Volkova takes place. In the midst of it the Great Monarch appears. He stills the floods caused by their festivities, orders Sadko back to earth, and transforms Volkova into a river. Sadko bids her farewell as she slowly vanishes while the Volkova River rushes on.

The scenery is remarkable. Although some of the deep-sea specimens caused laughter, as a whole they are unusually expressive. Mr. Downes, of the New York Times says that, "All things considered, this achievement is creditable in an exceptional degree."

Edward Johnson is Sadko. Miss Husker, as the Princess, is well chosen. Miss Bourskaya is the unhappy wife, happy in the end. The actors play their parts remarkably well. *Sadko* is a success.

thoughts

by marion townend

Retouching portraits as I go,
Renovating,
Decorating,
Changing costumes top to toe;
Landscapes,
Estates,
Uptown—down.
I retouch portraits in my town.

I snatch red gowns from auburn
maids.
Rings and
Things

I take from women, thick and old.
I wipe off rouge from one too
bold,
And dust it on a pale wan thing
Blue and white as if with cold.

And once I stripped a spindly
child
And dressed her all in froth and
lace.
I put a gingham dress on one
And brushed her curls and wash-
ed her face.

I stuck some trees on a lawn
burned dry,
And hid a garden from the burn-
ing sky.

Retouching portraits as I go,
Renovating,
Decorating,
Changing costumes tip to toe;
Landscapes,
Estates,
Uptown—down.
I retouch portraits in my town.

on the moor

by ~~Cornelia McLaughlin~~
Mary Groome McLaughlin

a forlorn sun sank, and the wild
night wind, ever racing,
swept across the moor, bend-
ing down the red-brown heather
bells until they fairly pleaded mercy.
But no mercy were they given.
Across the wastes the gale increased,
gathering rosemarys, berries, snails,
into its arms, and reaching the frail
frame house at the far end of the
moor, flung the debris upon it, and
shook it till it gave forth rattling,
gasping cries.

A drear, sad owl offered to the
tumult his ghastly screech of impend-
ing disaster, reiterrating his funeral
warning so positively that the
woman inside the house jumped up
and stared wildly about as if unac-
customed to moor nights. Only
shrieking wind and wildness mocked
her in her solitude. Sitting again
close to the feeble fire, this strangely
romantic woman resembled the
heather outside, so bowed was she,
so lonesomely dismal her surround-
ings.

A tree frog croaked, and yet an-
other. The woman shuddered, look-
ed behind her, drew closer to the
fire. Suddenly, in the distance, a
beating sound distinguished itself

above the maddened elements' roar.

Catching up her pistol, the terror-
ized woman hurriedly snuffed her
candle and took a stand by the door.
The light had been seen, however,
for something white loomed in the
now short interverning space. A fig-
ure sprang to the door and knocked
loudly, frantically, then tried the
locked door as if in a frenzy to be
inside.

"Give entrance. I can't go any far-
ther in this storm. I am followed.
If you have any mercy (here he,
for it was a man, struck the door
with his fist), let me in before it
is too late."

A trap! But no—the storm, the
night, the moor, his cries of dis-
tress. Well, let him in and give him
a bullet if he starts anything. She
slid the bolt and a little rat of a
man threw himself in and bolted
the door behind him. He leaned
against it for a moment, catching his
breath, and then not even stopping
to remove his knapsack, he sprang
to the window.

"A blanket, quickly. That win-
dow." Climbing upon a chair, and
aided only by the firelight, he hung
the blanket so as to keep in all the

light, and in so doing, he hid the
stern and desolate night from sight.
Turning, he peered down at her as
she sat silent, a black figure in the
almost blackness of the room. "Al-
most got away, but they picked up
my trail at Mason and have follow-
ed me ever since. Hardly find me
here. No stars; the moor's as black
as a ring-ouzel and my horse the
white bar on its breast."

As if reminded of his horse by the
simile, the little man cautiously
peered out. "Oh," a cry of distress.
The horse was but a small patch in
the distance. Frantically, the helpless
man rushed toward the door, but
stopped in his tracks. Horses were
approaching. The woman became
alert, then remembering, trem-
bled. They dared not look out. Near-
er came the horses; a moment in
which neither had power to breathe,
and then the woman sighed. The
horses had turned away, the steps
died out. If they had sighted the
white horse!

The man moved toward the fire,
the woman held her revolver, as
ever, ready. He spoke, "I think we
are safe. No candle yet, though. But
please put up your pistol and allow

me to get warm. That wind—ugh—the howling. It's like a wolf. And I'm blown clear through."

For the first time, the woman broke her silence, hauteur mingled with horror and dread, and the man cringed almost imperceptibly. "We? Do you not mean, *I* have aided *you* to escape the law?" Her voice was musical and soft—a surprise to the man.

"And I you; perhaps not from the law, but—why would a woman like you be here, on a moor at night if not—?"

"What do you mean?"

"A woman does not spend nights on moors, especially women cultivated and beautiful, unless for some reason. Nor do they spring up, pistol in hand to shoot down every caller, nor do they then aid him to escape—the Law!"

"Why. I am alone. That is, it is night. I was afraid. On the moor" (here she shuddered) "one has no friends, I mean I felt sorry for you."

Oh, yes, but you fear something, someone, perhaps!"

Realizing her danger yet resenting his freedom of speech, she began to answer him sharply, "You rat."

"Do not be unpleasant. You *are* hiding. By yourself. But may I say, your voice is unusual. perhaps. Yes. Your voice —m-m. Have you ever sung, in public? I think somewhere I must have seen you." And he hummed to himself. "Paris? No. Ah! 'Carmen!' Yes, you have sung 'Carmen,' have you not? But where? At London? No. At Milan? Ah, If I had not read but yesterday that Madame Veroli—but perhaps you would like to see the newspapers. I have several in my knapsack."

The woman blanched as the man, with a grin that was crafty, handed her a paper which she tore from his hands. The paper shook as she read where he indicated, and she bent near the fire. Her features relaxed somewhat, her mouth lost its hard lines as she read.

"Ah—a friend of mine. Well?"—a betraying tremor in her voice.

"Was I not right? My first thought was that you were she, and then I bethought myself that this is England, not Switzerland. But you are she?" Aren't you hiding. That is about you, isn't it? You are not in Switzerland. Clever."

"Yes, I am hiding, but, but not from the law as you are." (Outside the unwearied owl shrieked.) "I'm not, oh, no, just from my public. You—you are hiding from the law, but I think I shan't report you. No,"—this last almost hysterically. "So you are a criminal. Ha!"

"No. I only did something of which the law disapproves. You have done something—"

"—of which my, my public disapproves. I ran away." She attempted a laugh, but it was hollow.

The wind whistled and tore at the little house as if to lift it from its very foundation, and night birds screamed across the barren wastes. For a while the two sat silent, looking at each other; his yellow skin ghastly in the firelight, her figure funereal. Two mice gnawed a rickety chair leg, scratching and scraping mournfully.

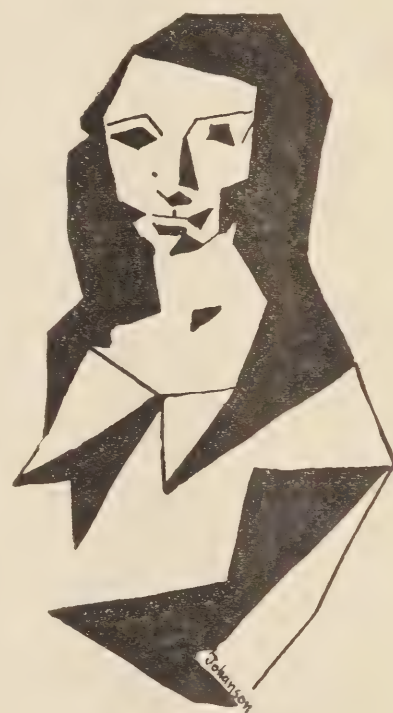
As if to throw off the feeling of miserable helplessness, the woman picked up the paper again and tried to read by the firelight. The little man put on a piece of rotten wood and resumed his gloomy seat. Each seemed to watch the other.

The woman asked for a later paper, having cut out the article shown her by the stranger and put it in her pocket. For a time silence except for the rattling of the paper and the strife outside. Suddenly little beads of perspiration appeared on her forehead. Her breath nearly choked her, then halted, choked her again. Staring wildly at the man, still clutching the paper in one hand and her pistol in the other, she aimed at her unwelcome guest.

That shot was never fired. Instead a cry aroused him, for, as if

designing her purpose, the north-east gale swept into a hurricane and shook the house in its vice-like grip. The woman, flung from her chair, screamed a horrible, piercing outcry. The elements answered her in a shriek twice as loud, so loud that it broke through those walls and carried to her very ears, bringing in its wake the house itself—a heap of broken boards. Destruction, complete, and the wind howled victoriously, and then howled again.

At noon the next day, searchers came upon the heap that had been a house. By four o'clock, the ruins were removed. The workers found a man sitting in a chair, his skull



crushed. Beside him was a knapsack in which were a baby's picture and ten thousand dollars in one hundred dollar notes.

In front of him, crumpled up, lay a woman, dressed in black, a pretty woman who clutched a newspaper and a revolver. In her pocket was a newspaper clipping announcing the departure on February 8th of Madame Maria Veroli, famous opera star for Switzerland, where

(Continued on next page)

the poetry of christina rosetti

by harriet harrington

mr. henry t. lilly, professor of English Literature at Davidson College, very recently made a talk before the Alumnae Association of Queens College on the Poetry of Christina Rossetti. The very first announcement of his subject proved interesting to the greater number of the group who analyzed its appropriateness as being another "eternally right" choice of a distinguished member of a family of genii.

By way of introduction, he spoke of the few women poets of high order, when one considers the women poets of the whole world. Sappho and Christina Rossetti he placed side by side with regard to superior quality of verse. Mrs. Browning was mentioned, of course, but Mr. Lilly said he found her poetry less sensuous—less full of odor images and motor images—than Christina Rossetti's. His listeners caught the flash of golden wings and silver wings and heard their swish as he read "Birds of Paradise" to illustrate his point. His next reading was from "Whitson Eve" wherein the color-note of white was accented, another motor image. Such whiteness, incidentally, Mr. Lilly remarked, was typical of the unearthliness, the unhuman loveliness, of the life of Christina Rossetti, whom Dante Gabriel Rossetti used a number of times as a model for his Madonna pictures. As a matter of fact, she had very beautiful features and still at thirty-five was quite striking in appearance.

She was twice in love, at eighteen and thirty years of age. Paul Elmer Moore says, "It is char-

acteristic of her feminine disposition that the loss of the world should come to her first of all in the personal relation of love." Her struggle with the earthly and the heavenly love; her fear that the heavenly love might win out; her final surrender, defeat, and consequent sadness in her loneliness, from the subject-matter of the Sonnet Sequence: *Monna Innominata*. Here we find a passivity of soul, an acquiescence that is in sharp contrast to Mrs. Browning's determination to press to the quick of love. The beauty of her mood is expressed by Tennyson in the line

Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

But in her resignation there was peace. Her "Up-Hill" is too well known to quote, but "Passing Away, Saith the World, Passing Away" is in the same trustful, confident vein:

Passing away, saith my God,
passing away:

Winter passeth after the long delay:

New grapes on the vine, new figs
on the tender spray,

Turtle calleth to turtle in
Heaven's May.

Though I tarry, wait for Me,
trust Me, watch and pray:

Arise, come away, night is past
and lo it is day:

My love, My sister, My spouse,
thou shalt hear me say.

Then I answered: Yea.

With a new-born love for the poetry of Christina Rossetti, the

Blessed Damosel of her brother—poetry which is of the highest order, though admittedly narrow in range—all those members of Queens College Alumnae Association who are sincere students of literature went home to blow the dust from slender volumes marked: *The Poems of Christina Rossetti*.

on the moor

(Continued from page 13)

she would spend a month in seclusion, recuperating from a recent operation.

The newspaper clutched in the hand of the dead woman was folded at an article which read:

"Milan, February 12—Investigations into the murder of Arnold Giovi, found in his hotel here February 9th with four bullets in his body, seem to point to its having been the act of a woman.

"The bullets were of 32 calibre from a Colt automatic. Inquiries have disclosed only three sales of Colt automatic 32's this week, one to a M. Dodet, one to a Mr. J. C. Greene, and a third to Madam Maria Veroli, opera singer. The two gentlemen, who are in the city, deny knowing Giovi, but are being held for questioning. Madame Veroli, at present thought to be in seclusion in Switzerland, has been wired to return immediately.

"Findings this morning reveal only one new clue of significance—a check of considerable size made to the deceased by Madame Veroli. She was not previously known to have been acquainted with Giovi.

"No effort will be spared to apprehend the criminal, and a definite arrest is expected within the week.

"The crime is punishable by hanging."

a rose is for love

by edith c. storm

"Morning mail, sir."

A small package and an official looking envelope. Not many things came to him these days. Where was the paper cutter? Here on the secretary, and his spectacles? Why did some one always move them? In his pocket this time.

"... bequeathed to you by the last will and testament of Mrs. Virginia Lee Murray.

Virginia Lee—Virginia Lee — Not Virginia? He must open the package quickly. What could she — A purple velvet box—In it one fine gold chain was a carved ivory rose—Yes, Virginia. He had not forgotten, no; but he hadn't thought of her in a long, long time.

You like her to have it in a purple box. A royal covering for the rose. The rose was a dainty thing, carved by an artist in a far country. No cheap imitation this, but ivory, real ivory, precious. Its outer petals whirled back gracefully, generously, but the inner ones closed jealously over the heart. If one searched carefully, he could find the way to the innermost part of that heart, but he had to tread carefully lest he crush a tender petal. It was perfect; the one straight line where one would expect a curve made it so. Mellow, soft, warm, and shaded in the center, clear and virgin white in the outer edges, its color was as lovely as its lines. It was like her. It was the soul of

her. Hadn't he thought this before? Yes, he had told her that night in the moonlight. The night before he went away. She had promised it to him then. She had remembered, yet not too well, what was it?—yes Murray.

He was tempted to kiss the rose, but he caught his reflection in the mirror. Old, much too old. He had kissed that rose, but then he was nineteen and it was around the warm young throat of a girl. Had Virginia grown—? Oh, no, of course not. She was like the rose—just bursting from the bud. Largely lovely, eternally young.

"Pitty wose, Dada," gurgled his youngest grandchild, clutching at the bauble.

e ben e z e r s p r i n g s

by edith c. storm

he liked to walk in front of his class, did the professor of the "old school." His high shoes with the boot straps unconsciously, but prominently displayed would creak at each long slow step. In moments of absolute silence he would sometimes become aware of his noisy progress and would mumble about his being in the wet the night before. In his perambulations his arms were clasped around his rusty black suit, which always hung to his angular form in bulgy folds. It was generally sprinkled with crumbs, especially after lunch in the winter when he had spread the remainder of his single whole-wheat biscuit on the window ledge for the birds.

His detachable cuffs were cer-

tainly the most unattached parts of his person. When he was making his beloved outlines on the blackboard, they disappeared entirely. At least the right one did; the left often dropped to the floor where it remained unnoticed for several hours. When the cylinder with the frayed edges attracted his attention, his mild blue eyes would peer anxiously at his class over the frames of his spectacles, but this time in the day half way down his large Roman nose. Not catching any one's carefully overt glance he would stoop hastily, pick up the cuff, turn his stooped back, and adjust the refractory article. He would then face the class and try to assure the boys by his smile that there

had been no interruption in the recitation.

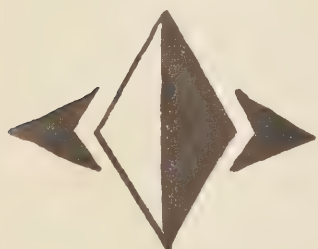
The most bristling part of his bristling hair was always most evident in those hours of trial.

His favorite method of dismissing a topic—and at a sudden well-directed question he often dismissed important topics—was to rub his bony, chalk-covered hands on the seat of his trousers and to murmur, "Yeth, yeth" in syllables which betrayed the toothless state of his lower jaw. In the midst of a bit of oratory sustained in the deepest bass, a vacant stare would cover his face, vague rumblings would come from his deep chest, and then his working lips would bring forth that ineffectual, "Yeth, yeth."

a**year****spring**

"The sun pushed back the blighting cold,
The warm wind dried Old Winter's mold,
The shy green grass began to peer
From sunny glades—from far and near
Birds practiced songs in skies of blue—
And all was peace—then I met you.

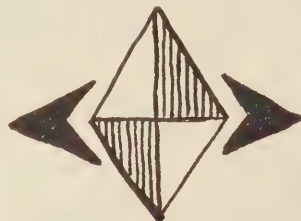
Ah, Love, I felt my heart beat fast
As over me your warm glance passed—
You drew me on—I do not blame You,
Dear, but was it love or game
You sought so eagerly that spring?
(Oh, love, perhaps, you wished a ring!)

**summer**

"The languid days swam slowly,
one by one,
From crimson sunrise till the silent dark.
Crept over Earth and slew a jealous sun,

And stilled the sleepy singing of the lark.

The days were languid, but ever they gave place
To nights not languid—your ecstatic sigh—
The sudden yielding when I raised your face
To kiss you—who thought that love could die?

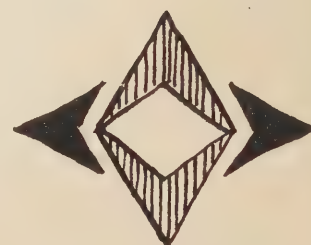
**autumn**

"We strolled beneath the falling leaves,
Gay prophets of Old Winter's sheaves,
Of snow and sleet—
Of cold to greet
The slow reluctant rising of the sun.
I thought I felt a warning chill,
But laughed, and shook it off until
It gripped me fast,—
And then, at last,
I sadly realized that love was done.

winter

"The sand wind wails, and o'er my drooping heart
The cold mounts high. It is not good to think
That thus and thus I might have held you fast—
Vain thoughts! What burning love can last a year?
False poets sing of love that lives forever—
Or are they false? I wonder if they're right . . .
Our elders talk of love that is eternal,
And age were always wiser—so age says.
But I am old—for all my head is dark,
My heart is gay . . . The first ecstatic joy
Of love is gone—and though the Spring returns,
Something is missing, and will always be."

—Selected.



h e a v e n

Heaven they say is so far away
Through the valley of death and
beyond,

A glittering place so brilliantly
bright

For which we are searching
'Mid the darkness of night.

Heavy clouds from above
Drop down wee flakes of snow
So heaven throws down to each
of us here
Sparkles of heavenly glow.

It may be a smile, just once in a
while
From the babe we love so dear,
Or it may be a note from a robin's
throat
That thrills us each to hear.

It may be a sunset vividly gold,
Or a picture old and rare,
But if it touches our very soul,
We know that heaven is there.

It may be the chimes of a far
church bell,
Or a distant serenade,
Or a morning star, so near, so far
As it slowly seems to fade.

It may be a kiss of a loved one,
Or the sparkle of brilliant eyes,
That reveals to us a secret,
The heaven of earth and skies.

Lucia Harding.



an appreciation of horace

(Continued from page 10)

the man as revealed in his poetry charms you. His sympathy with humanity, his common-sense, his knowledge, all issue from the printed page to impress upon the kindness and practical wisdom of the author. His humor and good fellowship also stand out clearly to the reader. Take, for example, the twenty-second ode of the first Book, where he lightly states to his friend, Fuscus, that "a man pure in life and free from guile" need have no fear, for a wolf fled from *him* as he was wandering, unarmed, in the forest.

In the second place, the structure of the poetry is almost perfect. The meter is smooth and pleasing, but not monotonous. The phrasing of the thoughts, however, deserves the most praise. Both words and figures are indubitably appropriate to the main theme, and ideas are expressed in so quaint and pleasing a manner that the reader exclaims with delight.

The most forceful of the reasons for the poet's continuous ability to please is the deathless nature of the themes that he employs. Home, always a subject to arouse sympathy, he describes to an absent friend as "the home of the re-echoing Albunea and the head-long Anio and the grave of Tiburnus and the orchards washed by the moving streams." Friendship is the subject of a number of odes, among which are the two *To Vergil, Setting out for Greece and to Maecenas*. Maecenas in particular was the inscription of a number of poems showing the poet's love and respect for this, his best-loved friend and patron. Politics, too, have a place

in his poems, being the theme in one beginning

"O ship of state

Shall new winds bear you back
upon the sea?"

and in the one beseeching Augustus to retain his consulship which he had been on the point of resigning. But Horace asserts that he is chiefly a poet of love. His poems are beautiful, as the one *To Chloe*, beginning.

"You fly me, Chloe! like a vagrant fawn,

Tracing the footprints of its parent deer

Through each sequestered path
and mazy lawn,

While woods and woods excite a
causeless fear,"

proves. Indeed, some would have it that they are too beautiful to be expressions of true love.

But however that may be the years have proved that Horace himself spoke truly when he said, "I have erected a monument more lasting than brass
And loftier than the royal site of the Pyramids."

s p r i n g

I. Joyful

Awakening
Everything
New,

II. Aroma of

Violets
Sparkling of
Dew,

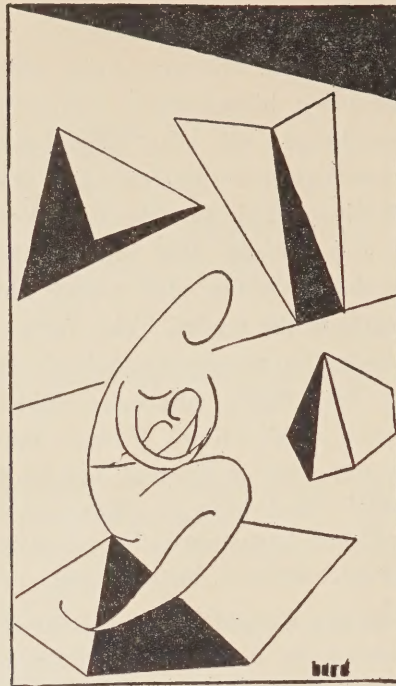
III. Blossoming

Flowers
Twittering
Birds,

IV. Colorful

Springtime
Surpassing all
Words.

Lucia Harding.



A fine example of four dimensional, impressionistic interpretation. When held right side up, we have an excellent reproduction of the famous Madonna and Child, sitting in an arm chair, with a window and door in the background. One quarter turn right and we have a vivid impression of

a storm at sea. A little imagination will reveal ships, sharks, sea, and what not. Another quarter turn right, and we are shown sunset, with the Graf Zeppelin disappearing behind a cloud while two sparrows fight for the possession of the tree in the lower left foreground. Another turn to the right,

and we have a bull fight, with the bull, knife protruding from his chest, retreating into the barn, while two matadors and a picador dare him to return, the left hand side of the picture is a black mass of people or a mass of black people, as you wish. — From the Pointer.



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